Volume LXX CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1912 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Truth is growing—hearts are glowing
With the flame of Liberty:
Light is breaking—thrones are quaking—
Hark!—the trumpet of the Free!
Long, in lowly whispers breathing,
Freedom wandered drearily—
Still, in faith, her laurel wreathing
For the day when there shall be
Freedom shouting—"Victory!"

Freedom bringeth joy that singeth
All day long and never tires:
No more sadness—all is gladness
In the heart that she inspires:
For she breathes a soft compassion
When the tyrant kindled rage;
And she said to every nation—
Brethren, cease wild war to wage:
Earth is your blest heritage.

—*Thomas Cooper.*

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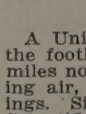

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1912. NUMBER 1.

Beautiful to Be Alive

How beautiful it is to be alive!
  To wake each morn, as if the Maker's face
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
  That we might sing, How happy is our case,
How beautiful it is to be alive!

To read in some good book, until we feel
Love for the one who wrote it; then to kneel
  Close unto Him, whose love our soul will shrive,
While every moment's joy doth more reveal
  How beautiful it is to be alive.

Not to forget, when pain and grief draw nigh,
  Into the ocean of time past to dive
For memories of God's mercies; or to try
To bear all nobly, hoping still to cry,
  How beautiful it is to be alive.

Thus ever toward man's height of nobleness
  Striving, some new progression to contrive;
Till, just as any other friend's we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less,
  How beautiful it is to be alive.

—*H. S. Sutton.*

Unity's Thirty-fifth Semi-Annual

Once more UNITY comes to its half yearly accounting. Following the convention that cuts the journalistic year into two volumes, the numbering and the paging begins again. On the title page you will read for the first time Volume LXX, Number 1, and it will be page 1. When UNITY comes to the first of March, 1913, it will have rounded out its thirty-five years of existence, and its adequate canticle of thanksgiving and praise will be "How Beautiful to be Alive!"

While starting on the home stretch towards our thirty-fifth anniversary, we have no apology to make for shortcomings or mistakes. Content we are to have been alive throughout these strenuous years, alive not only to the fresh surprises of nature, celebrated in the beautiful canticle which heads this column, but alive to the surprises in the life of human nature; the struggle of mind towards the truth, the groping of the heart towards fellowship, and above all this civic out-reaching towards righteousness, and the strenuous quest of the churches toward liberty, for freedom of thought.

UNITY is older than the "Settlement" movement. It welcomed the birth of the Hull House. It aided in the Legislative struggle that resulted in Juvenile Courts, and rejoiced in the establishment of the same, first in Chicago and then in many other wheres. UNITY has witnessed the rise of factory inspection, of legislations controlling the conditions and limiting the hours of woman and child labor. It has watched with joy the rise of Local Option Laws and rejoiced in the multiplication of "dry territories". It has witnessed the birth and growth of the Woman's Club movement, of City Clubs among men, and the phenomenal development of Labor Unions, which thirty-four and a half years ago were in the cradle stage.

It has been UNITY's privilege to record the admission of women to the privilege of the ballot in six states of the Union, with more states hastening towards the triumphal gate through which they are soon to pass. UNITY has seen the great and hopeful disturbances in the politics of the United States. It has watched the two great Peace Congresses marshalled at the Hague. It has rejoiced in the translation of the Gospel into terms of economic justice and the brotherhood of this world, by such major prophets as Tolstoy and Ruskin and their worthy brothers.

In the religious world it has seen the amelioration of dogma, the elevation of ethics. It has rejoiced in the growing fellowship across the lines and over the fences. It was of the great Parliament of Religion. It has been the nurse of the child of the Parliament, the babe of the Kingdom, the Congress of Religion. Its story contains the story of the struggle of the later chapters in the Unitarian struggle for freedom which began in the storm provoked by Emerson's Divinity School Address in 1838, the Theodore Parker disturbances in the 50's and continued in the "Issue in the West" of the 80's.

UNITY watched with the anxiety and love of a parent the laying of the corner stone and the dedication of the finished Abraham Lincoln Centre which is its present home.

Of all of this and much more, UNITY can honestly say: "All of which I have seen and a part of which I have been." All along this road UNITY has known the inspiration of the minority, the challenge of the unsuccessful. It has enjoyed the unpopular side of nearly every question and has known the strength that comes to those who live in the conscious presence of death, over whom always hangs the threatening clouds of immediate defeat.

UNITY has not sought this isolation and segregation. It was simply the accepted price of independency, the conditions imposed upon those who were disturbed with the lure of a new order in religion, of an economic change in business, and of fresh interpretations of life and duty.

Looking back across more than a generation of life, there are no regrets save over the inadequate expression of its message, the imperfect statement of its aims

and the fragmentary realizations of the same. If we had it to do all over again, we would do it in the same way only better. We would stand for the same things, only more effectively. We would retain all the old radicalisms with greater in-rooting power. We fain would cherish all the old conservatisms with increasing tenderness and reverence.

In the future, as in the past, so long as life is given us, i. e., so long as money is forthcoming to pay the printer, and health and strength is vouchsafed to those who are willing to work for no pay save the joy of the quest, the fun of the game, UNITY will continue to be suspicious of labels, to dwell with the unrimmed realities and the sanctities that defy and out reach all labels. UNITY will continue to be so far as lies in its power insurgent, progressive, independent, thirsty for co-operation and open to fellowship, from all the directions whence bloweth the winds of God, the breath of the spirit.

We are not unmindful on this half birthday occasion of the mortal quality of newspapers, particularly religious papers. Have they not been falling to the right and to the left of us during these thirty-four and more years? Not only the luckless representatives of heresy and the "organs" of unpopular sects, but the representatives of great organizations, ecclesiastical and reformatory. How they have died during the last thirty-five years! How have they combined, sought to prolong their waning lives by changes of names, locations, combinations and committees!

The last reminder of the tomb that awaits the religious organ, is the late lamented, venerable, and at one time, proud, self-sufficient, imperious *Observer,* the organ of rock-ribbed Presbyterianism. It has gone to its grave lamented, and among the verbal bouquets which sympathizing editors from all over the country have laid upon its bier might have been one which contained the legend worked in blue forgetmenots, "Died from financial distress, *sic transit gloria mundi!*" Let no one reproach this stalwart organ of orthodoxy, in all probability it died the death of the righteous. It has only gone the way of scores of other journals with high ideals and noble consecration. It has joined the innumerable hosts of religious newspapers which have died, most of them from too much excellence, during our thirty-five years of life. The *Interior,* a younger Presbyterian brother of the *Observer,* not long ago underwent a process of transformation and reappeared under the more inclusive title of the "Continent". We hope it has taken a new lease of life under the new name. But even the all conquering and sagaciously administered "Advocates" of the ever successful Methodists are always subjects of painful considerations at their quadrennials, with their balance sheets too often showing deficits.

The plain truth is, no weekly journal committed to ideas however lofty, no religious paper, however ably conducted, can, in the present order of things, be made self-supporting by its own earnings. The old subsidies of the advertising pages have ceased to be an asset. The daily paper, the monthly magazine and the sagacious advertising syndicates and agencies have cut these weeklies out, and they must starve if they must depend on advertising patronage.

UNITY has lived this far and has rejoiced in life because those who furnished the material, were glad to offer it as a gratuity. They wrote and worked because they had a message and rejoiced in the privilege of promulgating their song, and because a few more friends believed enough in the ideas UNITY stands for, to make up the annual deficit. This they did without complaining, without thanks and without publicity. How long this can be continued remains to be seen. Obviously it cannot go on always.

For this reason we believe in the endowed newspaper, just as we believe in the endowed college, hospital, institution of research, missions and churches. If a man in a pulpit has claims for a living, he who would extend the message through the printed page, has equal claims for support.

The readers of UNITY know that on our thirtieth birthday we asked for an endowment fund of $30,000, one thousand per year from its grateful and appreciative readers. We asked this in recognition of its past service, and as a guarantee for its future continuation. In round numbers five thousand dollars of that fund is practically in hand. Will the next six months bring the completed fund which ought to have grown during the five years? There is thirty thousand dollars more due, if we are to receive a thousand per year. The five thousand dollars secured has come from devoted readers of humble means, the superannuated preachers, hard pinched widows, and hard working teachers, have been generously heard from. The men and women of ampler fortunes have respected the prudence of the successful, by holding back, waiting to see whether it was worth while. When we hear from them, as we confidently expect to, we believe that UNITY'S thirty-five years of life will be vindicated in the house of its friends, and that the memorial fund entrusted to the conservative keeping of the Abraham Lincoln Centre Corporation will be available for the continuation of UNITY until some better way appears. Then both the fund and the spirit of UNITY will be available in one form or another, embodied or disembodied. And the song will be continued: "HOW BEAUTIFUL TO BE ALIVE!"

Unity's Summer Home

It is considered good journalism to take occasional editorial note of advertisements and advertising patrons; but it is more than good business that calls for occasional editorial comment on the Tower Hill Community in Wisconsin, whose prospectus for 1913 appears with surprising and exceptional promptness in this issue. It would be affectation to try to keep the UNITY and Tower Hill interests separate in these columns, for they spring from the same root, they indicate the growth of the same tree, the fruit thereof is gathered into the same basket.

For twenty-one years Tower Hill has been the summer home of UNITY. From this elevation on the Wisconsin River, one hundred and eighty miles from the print shop, the editorial matter has been concocted and shipped for two months and a half each year. Thus over four years of UNITY's life has found its sanctum at Tower Hill.

It is not for us to duplicate the words of our correspondents who have from time to time given the news from Tower Hill, and we hope it is not necessary for us to repeat here what is already set forth in the Prospectus referred to above and found in our advertising pages.

But the editor of UNITY takes pleasure in acknowledging on behalf of the leader of the Tower Hill Summer School, a sense of obligation to the class of 1912, who lent themselves so unreservedly to a month of diligent class work. Only teachers can know how grateful is the attention of an interested pupil, and how much of the successful teaching rests with the listening students.

This year at Tower Hill the old inspirations indicated by the phrase, "Comparative Religions" which quickened and satisfied the soul of the Tower Hill leader forty or more years ago, were revived. The heresies of Emerson and Theodore Parker, the scholarship of Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, John Weis; O. B. Frothingham, and their fellows of the Free Religious Association in its early days, are still kindling when brought down to date through the subsequent works of Rhys Davids, Monier Williams, Max Mueller, etc., and those splendid workers of the spade, mid the sand heaps of Egypt and Babylon.

The studies at Tower Hill brought prompt reinforcements to the faiths and hopes so necessary and so dear to the life of today, and the words of the poets, both ancient and modern, fitted into the circumstances and emphasized the silences this year, as on previous years at Tower Hill, as they ever do "near to the heart of nature."

UNITY readers will rejoice in the slowly accumulated conveniences and accommodations, the new cottages and fresh equipment. It was no mere accident that makes the last private cottage on the Hill,—the "Androscoggin Lodge,"—a shelter, a place of refuge to Mrs. Julia Kurtz, the Superintendent and Mother-in-chief of the Martha Washington Home of Milwaukee, an institution, the latch string of which is ever out for the forlorn, the isolated and the desolate; those whose humiliations and perplexities testify not only to the weakness of human nature but to the baseness. The frailties of women witnessing to the tyranny and selfishness of men.

Tower Hill has passed beyond the experimental stage; it is a small but sure thing; a quiet but fixed asylum of the spirit, a "city of refuge" to a few tired people, and so far as the future can be anticipated, we can speak of it with confidence. If nothing happens 1913 will find UNITY occupying its Summer Home at Tower Hill, and the program outlined in the advertisement found in these pages will be realized, or something better. We hope our readers have noted the Tower Hill notes and that they will take notice of next year's program, and that those who are moved in that direction will take the hint. Tower Hill is populous with a community of fifty, it is overcrowded with seventy-five.

The Eighth International Congress of Esperantists

The Eighth International Esperanto Congress was held in Krakow, Austria, August 11th-18th, by far the most interesting held since Dr. Zamenhof of Warsaw gave to the world his wonderful language, with its divine, internal idea of peace among men. Delegates of all the great nations, representing many languages, gathered in this ancient, historic city, not only to clasp hands and converse upon all themes in a common tongue, with full and glad understanding of each other, but to celebrate the Twenty-fifth Jubilee of the existence of Esperanto. Pole and Russian joined with their brothers from Japan, India and the West in commemoration of the quarter centennial of one of the greatest blessings to humanity, the priceless gift of a common language. It was most fitting that the Jubilee Congress should be held in this interesting metropolis, once the pride and glory of Poland, to do honor to a son of that once powerful nation, the author of Esperanto.

The progress of Esperanto and the practical use made of the language throughout the world during this brief period are little short of phenomenal. Volumes might be written of the invaluable services it has already rendered in every field of human interest. Its unequalled value to business houses as an efficient and economical means of advertising abroad, now that the language is used in every corner of the globe, has

been thoroughly tested out by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, who sent a representative, Mr. D. E. Parrish, to Europe with an illustrated lecture, setting forth the attractions of California to home-seekers. He has addressed audiences in every important European center, touching points also in Asia and Africa, using Esperanto alone and awakening great interest even among non-Esperantists, who enjoyed not merely the beautiful pictures thrown upon the canvas, but the lecture itself, owing to the simple, international character of the language which makes it readily understood.

The traveller equipped with a knowledge of Esperanto finds real friends in every part of the world, ready and willing to render any assistance in their power to make his journey pleasurable and profitable, while beautiful illustrated guide books in Esperanto contribute still further to his convenience. Recently a blind musician from Moscow traveled alone to London, being passed on from city to city by brother Esperantists, who made his journey one of unalloyed, care-free pleasure.

Most notable, possibly, among the achievements of Esperanto is the unparalleled growth of its literature, due to the literary gifts not only of its author but of many eminent co-laborers, who have stood with him from the first and contributed of their best to demonstrate its perfect adaptability to every form of literary expression. No national language ever attained in its early centuries the dignity of a literature so voluminous and beautiful as has Esperanto during its first quarter century.

At Krakow will be given in Esperanto the play of "Mazeppa" by the eminent Polish dramatist Slowacki; also the opera of "Halka," the masterpiece of its famous composer, Moniuszko, the peer of his illustrious countryman, Chopin. Professional actors and musicians will present these performances in a tongue that all will understand and enjoy. The translations of these productions have been made by A. Crabowski, poet and linguist, and one of the ablist Esperantists living, fellow townsman of Dr. Zamenhof. Naturally the entire congress is conducted in Esperanto—addresses, business and social meetings, entertainments, divine service, etc.

The entire local press is to be represented by members of the staff, who have learned the language in order to report the daily proceedings of the Congress. Indeed, it should be the business of the press everywhere to send representatives to these congresses, to examine the claims made for Esperanto, and then, and then only, publish their critical judgment to the world.

International congresses are nothing new. Nearly one hundred occur annually, all conducted in several differnt languages, each one understood by but a small part of the attending delegation, who must sit much of the time like deaf mutes, unable to understand either the speaker on the platform or the neighbor at their side.

How different are the international Esperanto congresses, where people of all nations meet upon neutral ground, in the beautiful spirit of comradeship, feeling in their hearts that there are no foreigners, that all are brothers, bound by the indissoluble tie of a common language, "who have met under the green star of hope, the standard which calls Esperantists together each year from all parts of the world, in the name of the most beautiful dream of humanity, the brotherhood of man."

Schaller, Iowa. MARTHA BRYANT CARY.

Unanimous for Jefferson

Whoever else is elected or not elected president this year, the endorsement of Thomas Jefferson is so popular and general that his occupancy of the White House for the next term would seem to be reasonably assured. The Progressive party puts his name at the head of its Chicago platform. The principles which it promulgates it claims to hold "with Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln." Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln were the three portraits which it hung at the front of its convention hall. The Democrats declared at Baltimore, at the beginning of their platform, that they were assembled to "reaffirm their devotion to the principles of Democratic government formulated by Thomas Jefferson. These fresh appeals to Jefferson are an impressive reminder of his perennial and pervasive power in our American political life. It is questionable whether there has been any other purely intellectual influence which has been so great, or whether any other name typifies so truly the things which our American democracy was destined to establish for the world. The farther we get from Jefferson in point of time, the more vital and determining do his spirit and influence in the nation seem to become. No great political endeavor is quite sure of itself unless it can confidently appeal to his sanction.

The union of the names of Jefferson and Lincoln in the Progressive platform emphasizes anew the place which Jefferson held in Lincoln's own thought and in the launching of the Republican party, whose first president Lincoln became. It was to Jefferson that the new Republican party appealed and dedicated itself in its Philadelphia platform of 1856; it declared its purpose to restore the action of the federal government to "the principles of Washington and Jefferson." Lincoln himself declared his obligations to Jefferson to be fundamental and pronounced him the first of American political thinkers. The year before his election as president he wrote to a great Republican gathering in Boston to celebrate Jefferson's birthday: "The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society."

The Democratic party of course has always regarded Jefferson as its patron saint and father in the faith; and good Democrats are naturally expected to begin their speeches and platforms by invoking his name.

But he has now become common property, and no party has any exclusive claim to him. Indeed, the significant thing in the present campaign is that both of the leaders who put his banner at the front stand for practical policies, if not for a political philosophy, quite the contrary of what Jefferson stood for. As between individualism and socialism, the two rival and conflicting tendencies in our present political and economic life, Jefferson was distinctly an individualist, one of the most pronounced individualists of his time, or of all time. The State for which he worked was a State in which there should be the least possible government and where men should be left as free as possible to attend to their own affairs without any political interference. The Chicago platform, on the other hand, is distinctly socialistic, magnifying the function of government and cataloging the largest possible number of functions in which it holds that the government should have a managing or regulating hand. Those who have commented upon Mr. Wilson's speech of acceptance have mostly failed to note how far he also pushes this view. The spirit of collectivism, as against the old-fashioned individualism, pervades important portions of his speech to a degree most uncommon in Democratic pronouncements. Indeed, it is impossible in the present period that we should not find this to a greater or less degree in all social and political circles; for our whole modern feeling and thinking accentuates co-operation, and the tendency must needs get into politics as well as into everything else. This does not much bother disciples of Thomas Jefferson, who after all was less concerned with theories than with results. Individualism in his time helped on freedom and democracy, and strong government helped on despotism; and the things which he was after were freedom and democracy, which today are so often best promoted by collectivism. Changed conditions shift the proportionate place of many doctrines. Indeed, we can never forget that Jefferson's whole course in the Louisiana Purchase was strikingly out of accord with his general theory of the national government and its functions. This is simply saying that he refused to let any general theories enslave his common sense in unpredictable exigencies, and Jefferson was at once a great political philosopher and a man of common sense. That is a good combination; and if it is to that combination that our sundry political groups are vying in their appeals, it is surely wholesome. Unhappily the name of Jefferson is invoked in certain quarters with the same slight warrant as in the same quarters the name of Lincoln.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

SANCTUARY.

High above hate I dwell:
O storms! farewell.
Though at my sill your daggered thunders play,
Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,
To me they sound more small
Than a young fay's foot-fall:
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
In Long Ago,
And winnowed into silence on that wind
Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but love behind.

Hither Felicity
Doth climb to me,
And bank me in with turf and marjoram
Such as bees lip, or the new weaned lamb;
With golden barberry-wreath,
And bluets thick beneath;
One grosbeak, too, mid apple-buds a guest
With bud-red breast,
Is singing, singing! All the hells that rage
Float less that April fog below our hermitage.

—*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

THE PULPIT

A Journey From Orthodoxia

II. The Darkness Before the Dawn

BY EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL.

The thought of Orthodoxy as we left it last week was one of progress towards the light. We were only concerned to describe as best and as impartially as we could what we were pleased to call its evening hours, its character when its full day of strength is almost spent and new features are about to be possessed by it. We kept in the background the trouble and pain that nearly always accompanies such a transition. None know better than those who have passed from Orthodoxy how suspicious is the quiet of those evening hours, how unsafe its confidence feels. Trembling hearts feel that something less quieting must come before the dawn. God's victorious will can only prepare the soil of our lives by much upturn and pain of furrowing. But the breaking up of the earth does not begin for all alike. For many it is an intellectual upturn. Men such as Robert Elsmere find that their studies lead them to the point where the foundations on which the mind has rested give way. In his case, it was that he found it easier and more natural to assume that testimony had erred in regard to miracle than that miracle had happened. Others find the fact of history repeated in personal experiences, and the growth of intelligence in the race and in the individual, destroys all belief in miracles. On the other hand we have men and women who are first disturbed by moral catastrophes. Some tragedy or close observation of human life shakes the long accepted truths to their foundations, and the soul begins to grope for light. But whether the approach to the darkness be on the intellectual or the ethical side, in both instances we find that the scheme of life begins to fall to pieces. To lose one's philosophy of life is without doubt the first great loss; Orthodoxy explained so much and many a trouble and problem was hid and explained away in its capacious faith. From the dawn of creation, through the changes, sinful and holy, of the life of humanity, on to the coming doomsday, everything was beautifully planned and logically no flaw seemed to exist in the plan. Little do some of the Orthodox realize that when in their evening hours, they doubt, for instance, the existence of Satan or hesitate to render belief in the Fall of Man and his susbsequent depravity, that they are loosening the stones of a building which will fall upon them in the darkness. "Doubt darkens into Unbelief, shade after shade goes grimly over the Soul, till you have the fixed starless Tartarean black." But even Carlyle cannot depict the horror of great darkness which seems to hang over the future, so that even hope is taken away. But let us keep the thought constantly with us that even as the evening hours are a natural part of the day, so the unrest of the hours of darkness have their place in the divine order of the

universe. It was Stevenson that wrote in one of his essays of that "divine unrest, that stinging trouble of humanity, that makes all high achievements and all miserable failures." It is part of the true scheme of things that evening and morning and the darkness between them should make up the twenty-four hours of the day. It is because true religion has so much in common with life, because at heart it is the best of Life, that there can be no unshaken, unmoving condition for it. It is a living thing and its unrest is its salvation. Indeed, the seeking of such an unshaken position has often brought about the religious undoing of men. Church history furnishes few better examples of this than the story of Cardinal Newman. It would seem that the character of religion's progress was almost unknown to him, scholar as he was, on the "Development of Christian Doctrine." He would lead us back to some central core, and in some mysterious essence find the true religion. But the bulb of life has no core, its essence is the whole bulb. Newman failed to see that alongside of the ever-present movement towards unity and rest, there is always a "movement of differentiation," so that religious development is rather that of a group or species than that of an organism. Prof. Muirhead of Birmingham University says of all the conflict of opinion which is part of the darkness before dawn, that it ought to be regarded as a sign of vigor and life. He says that when elements quite vital are imperfectly recognized in the accepted synthesis, it is better that these elements should be developed in isolation than that they should not be asserted at all. This is always characteristic of Orthodoxy whether it be Catholic, Protestant or even Unitarian. The heretics are the seed of the church.

At this point it would be well to warn that the fog of mere scepticism should never be taken for the darkness which precedes the dawn of religion's real day. The spirit of the one is very different from the spirit of the other. It has been well said that men require very little stock in trade to set up as sceptics. If they can mass together a few of the crudities and cruelties of the Old Testament, the life stories of a few religious hypocrites or sorely tempted ones, a few crumbs of science and philosophy and an odd saying or two from Huxley or Ingersoll, or from someone else who has done the thinking for them, they can be fully established in their destructive trade. These kind of doubts are frequently born of the vanity and egotism of men. It is so independent and uplifting to be able to show one's superiority in such a thing as the Bible! It is a great compliment to one's erudition to be able after all these centuries to prove the utter falsity of religion! Any thoughtful man can, if he will, rob these sceptics of their thunder. Let us grant these deniers their position and deny everything. If we are to go into the denying business, let us begin with them and their ill-studied conclusions. I have a book on my shelves which tries to prove that Napoleon Bonaparte never lived, and if I remember rightly, the author makes out a very strong case. If we wish to deny and deny only, the wide world is open for our efforts. But this darkness leads to no dawn. If we "doubt well" as Plato said, we must try and eliminate, if we can, all personal feelings. Mere love of doubt or hatred of Orthodoxy will not help the dawn to come. The vision of the world's doubters is often distorted by this kind of error. But if you have ever seen the true doubter or have had in your own experience any share at all of the true darkness, you will need little telling that doubters do not boast of their denials. True doubt never breeds flippancy. We can even declare that the darkness may have in it a great deal of the religious spirit. Men will be reverent and holy in their doubts. Doubt will give a grandeur to life. Men will bow and worship in the presence of doubt who before had thought life too simple to evolve such feelings. It is this never absent quality in true doubt that enables men like John Stuart Mill to write, as he did in his "Autobiography," that "the world would be astonished if it knew how great a proportion of its brightest ornaments,—of those most distinguished in popular estimation for wisdom and virtue,—were complete sceptics in religion." Doubt is sacred because it is an essential part of the divine progress of the world. Darkness is the quiet and beautiful path to the dawn. It is no end in itself, it is a means; it must be for truth's sake. It must be in the interest of life. It is dark not only because the darkness is best, but because it leads to the dawn. Sometimes we find people who think that darkness comes to drive people away from a life of thought. Men who doubt are told to stop thinking and do something practical. But this is a fallacy. The minister who leaves his church because of his doubts and thinks to find relief in some social effort will soon find how false is the recommendation. It assumes that doubt is something that can be escaped, instead of something that must be lived out. You can no more drown your doubts in action than you can drown your sorrows in drink. The so-called more practical life outside religion in social service calls for as much faith and vision as the so-called life within the church. If we go back to Carlyle's gospel of the everlasting yea, we shall find that there is just this much truth in the whole position. He writes: "Let him who gropes painfully in the darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn will ripen into day, lay this precept well to heart: 'Do the Duty that lies nearest to Thee,' and the second duty will already have become clearer." In so far as the retreat from the worry of doubt is for the sake of clearer thinking, all well and good. The brain's fever needs to be cooled and refreshed in a new performance of the kindly human duties, and the man who lends a hand, looks out as well as in, up as well as down, will come back to the doubts of the mind and the spectres of the soul with renewed strength for the conflict. As a solution of doubt, there is no doubt that the performance of such duties and the contact with such an aspect of life is the very best recommendation, but let us do this with the intention to bring it to the solution of our doubts, not as an escape from these problems of the mind.

It is very important that we make the most of this demand, that all doubt be in the interest of truth. It is this which redeems the entire process. We have often read that great passage in the "Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson" that "if there be no God, no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than a coward;" and that "Thrice blessed is he who when all is drear and cheerless within and without . . . . . has obstinately clung to moral good. . . . . His

night shall pass into clear bright day." But sometimes these fundamentals of ethics are so entwined with the shaking foundations of the passing Orthodoxy, that in the darkness these shake, too. A plea is often made for the ethical standards of the people which are buttressed so much by the sanction of religion that many hesitate to preach the truth on that account. The story is told that Sir John Seeley denied his authorship of "Ecce Homo" because he did not wish to bring pain to his Orthodox old father, but there are many who will not tell the truth because they feel that only moral collapse would result and it is a hard problem to decide on the best course of action. The very spirit of liberal religion seems to praise the spirit which cries:

"A feeble staff I would not break.
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away,
The error which some truth may stay;
Whose loss would leave the soul without
A shield against the shafts of doubt."

But may we not say that seeing all doubt is in the interest of truth, the entire experience is lifted high and that even to shake the feeble faith may be a gentle divine task? The divinity of the unrest, even the unrest that doubts the moral standards for the time, is nothing for us to shirk. It is this which has made men and women bold in their search for truth. They have felt that there can be no hell for those who are true to the light that they see, and to them has been given the conviction that painful as the process may be, religion will gain more by their sincerity and truth-telling than lose. "One circumstance, I note," says Teufelsdroch in his papers, "after all the nameless woe that enquiry, which for me, what it is not always, was genuine love of truth, had wrought me, I nevertheless still loved the truth, and would bate not a jot of my allegiance to her." It is the sense that nothing can be useful to religion which is false, that darkness must be experienced before the dawn, that makes this divine unrest even more divine.

We ought to notice yet other things of this darkness. Its blackness is often intensified by causes wholly within our power. Many, when they become conscious of the approaching black, seek to be diplomatic and strike some middle course which will enable them to live their lives with little difference being made by doubt. They increase their darkness by their spirit of compromise. They would leave things alone and leave them as they are; but the trouble is that things do not remain as they are by being left alone. Old truths become lies very soon. Is the church creed no longer believed? Then will it seem that we are as truthful as we used to be if we leave it alone, or put our own interpretation upon it, or call it simply a relic of a past beautiful age of faith which makes no real demand upon us? This spirit of compromise is doing a great deal of harm amongst large bodies of religious people, that the day of really free and true religion is postponed for them. The immigrant coming to our shores and finding the new language and customs is not in greater trouble than the man who journeys from Orthodoxia. To adjust himself to the true horizon of truth coming to him is often the most painful process and the natural inbred fear of change adds something to the darkness. It seems so much easier to some who have had their little philosophy of life attacked to patch it up and make it do rather than try the new truth that is about to break upon the soul. We have walked about in the evening hours and know the roads well and the untried road to the dawn looks so risky.

It doubtless is something to be noticed that many hesitate to take the journey in the darkness because it usually means going alone. The childhood fear of going to bed in the dark hardly ever leaves us. We mistrust the road to the dawn, too few are walking it. Surely, we say, if that is the true path and man was made to walk in that path, why is it not crowded? Can it be that it is the truth that we are finding when we seem to be the only ones that are finding it? Men and women whom we love and admire, who are not at all thoughtless still walk in the old ways and seem undisturbed by doubts, can it be that they are wrong and we alone are right? Consensus of opinion may weigh very little on such matters, but it is no small trouble for those who travel towards the dawn to find the road for so many a mile a lonely walk.

Perhaps worst and bitterest of all is the darkness which comes to us through the misunderstanding of friends. They do not realize the spiritual nature of the change that we are making. To them it is an immoral thing that we do when we doubt; and the heart-breaks and the home-breaks and the shattered friendships and shattered loves that follow with us on this part of our journey make the pathway dark, indeed.

The light does come very quickly. It was Robertson's continual warning that we do not need to haste on this road. The dawn will mean all the more to us if it break over the hills gradually. The sudden flash of light may do more blinding than guiding. But among a growing group of modern religious men and women the doubter is understood and he is no longer cast out; the divinity of his search is recognized, and if the doubter be the right kind, he will find in all the darkness before the dawn, an inner light. We might say that the land of doubt is the land of a spiritual midnight sun. There is always a sunny side of doubt on which we are urged to keep.

"Within the darkest night
Still broods the majesty of deathless Right,
If it to its promptings clear thou still art true,
The larger, sweeter lights will flash to view."

THE FLIGHT OF THE HEART.

The heart soars up like a bird
From a nest of care;
Up, up to a larger sky,
To a softer air.
No eye can measure its flight
And no hand can tame;
It mounts in beauty and light,
In music and flame.
Of all the changes of Time
There is none like this;
The heart soars up like a bird
At the stroke of bliss.

The heart soars up like a bird,
But its wings soon tire;
Enough of rapture and song,
The cloud and the fire!
Its look, the look of a king—
Of a slave, its birth,
The poor, tired, impotent thing
Sinks back to the earth.
And the mother spreads her lap,
And she lulls its pain:
"Oh, thou who sighed for the sun,
Art thou mine again?"

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

The New Unity Hymns and Chorals

The "Revised and Enlarged Unity Hymns and Chorals," with "Service Elements," edited by William C. Gannett and Frederick L. Hosmer, and published by the Unity Publishing Company, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, is an important step forward in the difficult work of providing churches with a book of hymn-tunes that is practical and sufficiently varied. It is not an easy task to pass judgment upon such a book—there are so many of them to be judged only by comparison, and so many singers and non-singers using them, who vary in tastes and opinion.

Many hymns and tunes, long tested by congregations, have become part and parcel of the literature and life of the church. There are, also, many hymns and tunes that need revision—hymns needing metrical trimming in order to conform with the rhythmic pulsations of the music. It is a poorly constructed hymn-lyric if a congregation cannot sing it with ease and with the swing of perfect measure. There are ways in almost all instances of lame lines to make singable corrections, but as to many tunes, though harmonized correctly, it is a hopeless task to try and revise them melodically, because they have been fearfully and wonderfully made, or patched up so that they will never see the perfect day of a singable, swingable and worshipful congregational song. Only a congregational test will discover and establish the real hymn-tune. There are a number of good, strong, but not very singable tunes in all hymnals, but many of them should be preserved because they are landmarks in the evolution of church music.

What are the common deficiencies of tunes that are seemingly well composed, but have failed in becoming useful? Sometimes the chosen key is unfortunate—a wrong key pitch has doomed thousands of good compositions. At other times, even one note too high in the melody spoils the whole. When men try and sing these high notes, instead of singing the parts intended for their voices—the tenor and bass parts—as a rule they will strike them out of pitch, and that will be disaster enough to prevent repetition. If the men who can sing tenor and bass would but try and sing these parts, they would be surprised to find how easy and pleasant the practice would be, with the result of producing such vocal harmony of parts that no chorus, "quartet-choir" or instrumental music could be compared with it.

All hymn-tunes that have become a part of the very life of the church are strong in melodic form, strong in rhythmic phrases written within the compass of congregational voices, and strong in that indefinable sympathy that must exist between the text and the music.

In the "Unity Hymns and Chorals" a number of excellent tunes have been transposed into keys a half tone and a tone lower—a distinct advantage to congregations.

In the great period of musical production that followed that of Lowell Mason, it seems that only musicians who were, and are, not only great theorists, but, also, masters of the oratorio, cantata, anthem and other forms of sacred music, have been great enough to compose simple, singable, yet real congregational tunes, such as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Gounod, John Goss, Arthur Sullivan, John L. Halton, Edward J. Hopkins, Joseph Bamby, John B. Dykes, John Stainer, Henry Smart, L. M. Gottschalk; in Wales—the "land of magnificent congregational singing"—John Ambrose Lloyd, Owain Alaw, Joseph Parry, D. Emlyn Evans, David Jenkins, and in Chicago, the late John P. Jones, composer of the charming chorals, "Eva" and "Congress St." The hymn-tunes of these musicians represent modern scholarship controlled by the spirit of melodic reverence, which makes a congregational tune a classic.

Aside from tunes that became famous by the melodic touch of Lowell Mason, it is a sign of substantial growth of musical intelligence that tunes of broad and high intent are sung with ease and effect by congregations of today, such as the following in the "New Unity Hymns and Chorals":

Austria, Beecher, Brattle Street, Christmas, Coniston, Credo, Dominus Regit Me, Ein Feste Burg, Ellers, Ewing, Ferrier, Galilee, Geneva, Gottschalk, Jewett, Joy, Lux Beninga, Matterna, Merrival, Newnham, Penitence, St. Anselm, St. George's, St. Gertrude, St. Hilda, Sarum, Serenity, Seymour, Solitude, Truro, Wareham and Wilmot.

The day is coming, we hope, when the songs of the Sunday school shall be attended to with the same care, patience and discrimination as is now bestowed upon congregational chorals. It is beyond conception how intelligent ministers, and church officials of the so-called orthodox denominations, can tolerate, and continue to tolerate the jinglings and tinkling cymbalings of hundreds of the silliest and shallowest so-called "Sunday School Songs" poured year after year into the ears and brains of their children.

If a Lincoln Centre special edition of the New Unity Hymns and Chorals is to be issued, can anything be done in connection with the same, or apart from it, to preserve the several Sunday School rituals, with a synopsis of the lesson courses? There are hundreds of graduates in these courses of the twenty-five years or so, and members of All Souls Church, who would appreciate a booklet containing the several rituals, the subjects of the lesson-courses, the text-series, the songs, the confirmation class songs and mottoes, as a priceless souvenir—one that would be cherished by many generations to come. The children of such a Sunday School, who have studied so thoroughly and fearlessly the lesson-subjects of these systematic courses, covering all that is worth knowing of what saints, sages, seers and prophets have contributed to religious thought, deserve such a souvenir—it would keep the spirit and beauty of the teachings green and alive in their minds and hearts throughout life, and beyond.

There are so many grown-up pupils scattered in all the states, and some in foreign lands, besides the thousands of All Souls Church members and their friends, who would cheerfully purchase copies of such a souvenir and make the venture a financial success. At least, it would be such a booklet with nothing like it in all Sunday School literature.

WILLIAM APMADOC,
Chorister of All Souls Church, Chicago.

The sun, departing, kissed the summer sky,
Then bent an instant o'er her beating breast;
She lifts to him a timid, tear-stained eye,
And, lo! her blushes crimson all the West.

—*Robert Loveman.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Tower Hill Notes

The wind sweeps over the hill this afternoon; the pines, usually so silent, are full of whisperings; the oaks wave their great bows adding their harmonies to the gay chorus of the aspens. All the hillside is vocal, while the wood odors fill the air, little flowers sway on their slender stems, and far below the river, widened by many rains to lake-like appearance, flows placidly on its way, and the uplands beyond take an added mystery from the mists that drift about their heads.

The scene is calm and serene and weaves its spell of peace over the hearts that find here their escape from the city.

There are those on the hill this summer who for five years have carried the memories and the inspirations of a former visit, fearing almost to return lest an attempted repetition might bring disillusionment. But Tower Hill welcomes its children back and the sense of home is at once renewed, old friendships taken up and new companionships formed with that perfect sincerity that is one of the elements of the Tower Hill spirit.

The summer school closed with regret by all who had any part in its sessions. But though the classes are over the themes there presented are still matter for daily conversation among little groups as they wander over field and hill to points of pilgrimage, or gather on some porch to read and interchange ideas on mighty subjects, for no topic is too illusive or abstruse for Tower Hill to grapple with, and most things of the here and the hereafter might be settled if summers were only a little longer. From poetry to politics we have ranged.

Several informal evenings have been spent in Emerson pavilion discussing the series of eighteen volumes known as the Canterbury Poets, which our leader placed in our hands for review. One evening was devoted to a symposium on the present political situation, when each one present was invited to express his or her preference (here we have equal suffrage) for a presidential candidate. The catholicity of Tower Hill was shown in the variety of reasons both for and against each of the leading aspirants to the President's chair—reasons which might not surprise but would certainly profit each to heed. On another evening Mr. George E. Cole of the Municipal Voters' League, Chicago, spoke with great understanding and to the interest of all on the initiative and referendum and the recall.

At our last vesper service our leader read a story by Henry van Dyke in which high loyalty and personal sacrifice were the theme, fittingly emphasizing ideals for which Tower Hill stands.

One of the pleasant events of the past week was the dedication of a new cottage and the receiving its occupant and owner, Mrs. Julia Kurtz of Milwaukee, into the Tower Hill family—a little ceremony that marked for the hill community the adoption of an honored member, and for her a place to rest and gather renewed strength for the great work to which her life is devoted.

The summer fast draws to its close. In a few weeks all will be at their tasks again, refreshed by their weeks of mingled seriousness and gaiety, the quiet hours and the rare companionships, and holding in hope a renewal of work and play together another year.

Aug. 23, 1912. C. T. F.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I wonder how the robin's throat
Hath caught the rain's sweet dripping note,
That little falling, pelting sound,
Liquidly clear and crystal round,
The very heart-rune of the Spring,
Enchanted of the sky and ground,
That conjures life from everything.

No ancient, age-worn witchery,
No incantation, could set free
The fast-bound dead; yet here each day,
Robin and rain in mystic way
Bring life back greenly; ah, and how
One's heart and pulse obey
That lure of music! Listen now....

—*Sara King in August Harper's.*

THE PAWN-BROKER.

This is the chapel of despair. And here her pilgrims lay
Gifts on my greasy altar and slowly creep away.
Here in my black confessional I mark with ear and eye
Their secret shames, their agonies. Pledges of days gone by.

The Unitarian Advance

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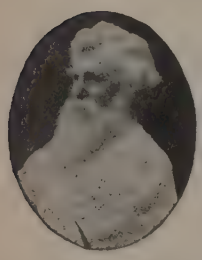
THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE

104 East Twentieth Street, New York

THE EMERSON PAVILION, TOWER HILL, WIS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROF. J. J. SCHOBINGER, CHICAGO.

Tower Hill for the Season of 1913
July 1 to September 18



Now, before the season of 1912 closes, the management, desiring for once to be forehanded, offers the following information concerning plans and possibilities for the season of 1913. Twenty-one successful seasons enable us to put forth our plans with the confidence that, as in preceding seasons, they will be realized. If the past is a criterion, any variations will be *plus* and not *minus* quantities.

Location and History. Tower Hill was once "Shot Tower Hill," where, in pre-railroad days, there was a thriving industry carried on in the manufacture of shot, made out of lead hauled across the hills, eighteen to twenty-five miles, from the lead mines of Dodgeville, Mineral Point, etc., the manufactured product being shipped by water to Galena, St. Louis and other Mississippi towns. At the foot of the hill was once the prosperous river town of Helena, a ferry point and large lumber distributing center.

Tower Hill itself is a bold bluff, rising two hundred feet above the Wisconsin River. It is in the midst of the "dumpling" country, with its bluffs, valleys, fertile farms and endless possibilities for walking, driving and sketching, with the river ever at hand and in view. It is situated in the town of Wyoming, Iowa County, Wisconsin. Its nearest railway connection is Helena, a flag station, created through the initiative and largely for the accommodation of the Tower Hill Summer Encampment. Helena is thirty-five miles west of Madison, about sixty miles east of Prairie du Chien, on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Fare from Chicago is $3.30; from Madison, 70 cents. Tickets can be bought, baggage checked, express matter forwarded by Wells Fargo Express to Helena. Tickets from Helena can be bought and baggage checked at the Hill, Mr. Jones being an authorized agent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road and of the Wells Fargo Express Company. He is also postmaster of the Tower Hill Postoffice, a summer office, open from July 1 to September 18. Two mails a day are sent and received. The Tower Hill conveyance regularly meets the eastbound train about 8 a. m. and the westbound train about 6 p. m. All arriving guests are urged to use one or the other of these trains. Those compelled to come on other trains will have to make special arrangement for conveyance.

The Tower Hill Pleasure Company (Incorporated) owns or controls its own dining-room, icehouse, the Emerson Pavilion, the Anne Mitchell Library, a water system that furnishes the purest of water in abundance to all the cottages, servants' quarters, four family cottages and four long houses.

The dining hall is centrally located and here all cooking and serving of meals for the Hill is carried on.

The Emerson Pavilion, an open-air screened building for public and social gatherings, has a seating capacity of two hundred; also a piano, blackboards, a big fireplace, etc.

The Anne Mitchell Library, donated by Miss Bertha Howe, is a jewel of a building, set in the deep woods, convenient to other public buildings, with wide screened porches, comfortable lounging chairs, a fireplace, between six and seven hundred books, all of which are placed at the disposal of the Hill guests, with no more restrictions than would be observed in their own libraries.

By an arrangement with Mr. Jones, whose farm adjoins the Hill, an abundant garden is successfully maintained, a competent man is in charge all the year round and milk and butter are furnished direct from the model dairy adjoining. The company, which came into possession in 1890, owns about seventy acres, and shareholders in the company are entitled to a building site, assigned in the order of building, in such a way as not to interfere with the view, convenience and privacy of those already settled. The price of shares of stock in the company is fixed at $50.

Private Cottages. The following is a list of cottages, held as personal property, with date of building and present owner's name. The real estate on which they are built belongs to the company:

Westhope .....1891..Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.
Maxwelton .....1892..Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly, Chicago.
Exforth .....1892..Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Chicago.

Fernwood .....1892..Miss Wynne Lackersteen, Indianapolis.
Leafring .....1892..Prof. J. H. Terry, Madison, Wis.
Lanier Cottage.....1898..Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Chicago.
Blaencathal .....1901..Mr. T. R. Lloyd Jones, Madison, Wis.
Wauzeda .....1902..Miss Evelyn H. Walker, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Welawiben .....1903..Miss Bertha M. Howe, Chicago.
Pine Lodge.....1905..Mr. James Smith, Chicago.
Brantwood .....1905..Miss Elizabeth Pingree, California.
Waldesruh .....1905..Mrs. Irwin Rosenfels, Oak Park, Ill.
Ambrose L. Thomas..1909..Mrs. A. L. Thomas, Chicago.
Androscoggin Lodge..1911..Mrs. Julia Kurtz, Milwaukee, Wis.

Company Cottages and Long Houses. The following accommodations are owned or controlled by the Company, and may be rented by the season or for a shorter period:

The Hermitage.....Will comfortably accommodate three or four persons.
Old Helena.....The one relic left of the old historic village. These two cottages are the farthest removed from the dining-hall but have proven particularly acceptable to families with children.
Hotel Extreme.....Rebuilt in 1910. Two rooms, arranged for family.
Unity .....Rebuilt in 1911 on the site of the old "Unity Long House." Double building used by the administration. Not for rent.
Black Hawk Lodge.....Built in 1911. A double roomed cottage.
The Althea.....Rebuilt in 1912 on the site of the old "Woman's Resolve.' A double roomed cottage.
The Annie Laurie....1912..A double roomed cottage.

These seven buildings vary in size and accessibility to dining hall, being adapted to the use of from two to six or seven persons, the majority of them containing two rooms each. Each has a beautiful outlook, screened porches, wash room or rooms with running water and heating accommodations. Some are better adapted to the use of a family and some to the use of individuals.

The rent of these cottages and rooms vary from $6 to $12 per week. Special rates for the season. Individual rooms $3 to $6 per week, according to the number of occupants.

Table Board, Etc. Board at the dining-room for those staying a month or more $5 a week. Others at the rate of $6 per week, or $1 a day for any fraction of a week. Transportation between Helena and Tower Hill, connecting with trains noted above, 50 cents per passenger each way, trunks 50 cents, grips 15 cents. For special trips to meet other trains, $1.50.

Laundry. In connection with the Hill is a laundry of limited capacity. Washing for guests done at ordinary prices so far as the capacity permits. Guests can readily make arrangements to send their laundry by train or otherwise to available laundries.

Summer School. The season for 1913 will open July 13 and close August 10. The subject of Mr. Jones's work in the study of religion will be "The Growth of the Hebrew Religion," being the third year in the seven years' course. The books of the Old Testament will be studied in their approximate chronological order. Detailed program with references is now in print and can be obtained on application. Here again the experience of twenty-two years justifies confident announcement. In addition to this Class in Religion, which occupies the morning hour from 11 to 12:15, work in literature, which this year consisted of twelve studies in Dickens and Browning, will be given to some consecutive work in poetry, the wishes of the class being considered. Students having taken classes under Jenkin Lloyd Jones have successfully passed the examinations and received credit in the University of Chicago, and the University is prepared to grant such privileges to other students who will submit to the requirements.

Miss Bertha Howe will conduct Nature Study classes as she has for several years. The students under her in 1912 were enthusiastic over her work with the plants, birds, trees and bugs that are in evidence on Tower Hill, which is an open text-book.

Every effort will be made to continue the work in music which has been so much enjoyed for years under the delightful leadership of Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown of Indianapolis.

New features not to be anticipated at this distance will doubtless be developed.

The tuition for the course, covering all the privileges of the school, $5; per week, $2; single admission, 25 cents. Family ticket, $7 for the course.

Conditions and Customs. The spirit of Tower Hill, well understood by all those who come within its influence, is religiously democratic, severely simple. It is a place of quiet where the privacy of the individual and the sanctities of the cottage life are respected as religiously as is the custom of law-abiding and considerate people during the remainder of the year.

A tennis ground is available. Boating and bathing are within reach, though the rules of the place are conservative in these directions. Only those are allowed the privileges of the river who are sufficiently mature and trained to guarantee safety. No bathing in the river is allowed except under approved chaperonage.

Sundays. With the exception of the two or more special public services, one of which at least is a Grove Meeting, with two sessions, where noble speakers handle noble themes, Sunday is a day of quiet; boisterousness or anything that would mar the sweetness and sanctity of a day of rest is discouraged. The Evening Vesper Hour, conducted by Mr. Jones, is a feature enjoyed and emphasized by all.

The Tower Hill Congress, which in 1912 holds its sixth session at Portage, will come back home and close the Summer School Session of 1913 with a characteristic program under the direction of its old leaders, Miss Lutie E. Stearns, Miss Zona Gale and others.

Points Not to Be Forgotten. Don't forget that the postoffice address is Tower Hill, Wis. That the railroad station for passengers, baggage and express matter is Helena, Wis. That the freight and telegraph office is Spring Green, Wis. All telegrams addressed here will be promptly transmitted by telephone to the Hill. The Hill is in direct connection with long-distance phone, Chicago, Madison, Milwaukee, etc.

In order to be sure of accommodations, applicants should reserve them in advance, paying a reasonable deposit at time of reservation. The accommodations at the Hill are necessarily limited. Those who would enjoy its peculiar privileges and attractions are increasing in number every year, hence the wisdom of this early announcement and the necessity of prompt attention thereto.

All communications concerning board, rooms and cottages should be made to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, until after July 1; then to Tower Hill, Wis.

In addition to the past and present cottage owners heretofore noted, we refer below to a few friends who know Tower Hill.

Correspondence solicited.

Respectfully submitted,

Jenkin Lloyd Jones,
President, Tower Hill Pleasure Company.

Bertha Howe,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Tower Hill, Wis., September 1, 1912.

REFERENCES:

Professor O. G. Libby, University North Dakota, Grand Forks, N. D.
Professor E. C. Perisho, State University, Vermillion, S. D.
Ex.Governor W. D. Hoard, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, Los Angeles, Cal.
Rev. Frank A. Gilmore, Madison, Wis.
Mrs. Amelia Hofer Jerome, Fellowship House, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Mary E. Andrews, Kansas City, Mo.
Rev. Newton Mann, Kenosha, Wis.
F. H. Pattee, Evanston, Ill.
Mrs. Mary D. Bradford, superintendent of schools, Kenosha, Wis.
Miss Lutie E. Stearns, Madison, Wis.
George A. Brown, editor "Home and School," Bloomington, Ill.
T. R. Fleming, La Grange, Ill.
Miss Zona Gale, Portage, Wis.
Mrs. Earl M. Pease, Grand Rapids, Wis.
Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, Brotherhood House, Rochester, N. Y.
Judge Alva E. Taylor, Huron, S. D.
Miss Charity Dye, Indianapolis, Ind.
Rev. Oscar C. Helming, Chicago, Ill.
David Lofts, Chicago, Ill.
Professor John J. Schobinger, Morgan Park, Ill.
Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, Frederick Douglass Center, Chicago.
Miss Seba Moulton, Faulkner School for Girls, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Miss Charlotte Katherine Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.
Hon. John Blaine, Boscobel, Wis.
Mrs. Wm. Kent, Kentfield, Cal.

Out of their breasts like life-blood from
their sick hearts they draw.
They shall strip off their wedding rings
when hunger's iron law
Divorces them from happiness and love's
last memory;
And tears their sacrament of loss con-
firm eternally.

These are life's failures, yours not mine,
predestined of the past
And of to-day. I give them grace and
strength. So some at last
Through the stern creed of sacrifice to
foothold sure shall win.
I am the clerk that in my books records
a city's sin,

The hand that sifts your dross to-day,
the court of last resort
For starving spirits cast away, through
good and ill report.
And shall not I do good by stealth who
day by day must dole
Out of life's clinic drear the drug that
saves or slays the soul?

Have you not made me what I am as
you have fashioned them,
I who strip off the midnight's sham
from morning's sordid hem?
I who the secrets of the heart, the dregs
of life, reveal,
I who must see the slow tears start;
have I no time to feel?

—*John Curtis Underwood.*

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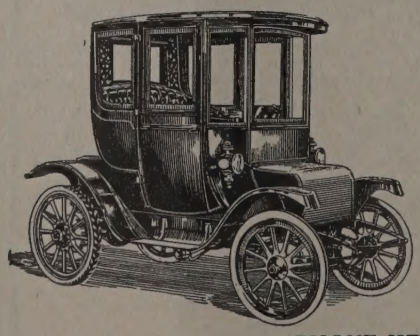

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